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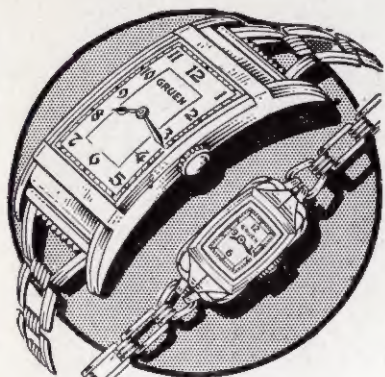
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The First Thanksgiving

By Dorothy Shelton

*The men were strong and brave and true,
Those who had weathered the gale;
The women had dauntless courage too,
Those who had dared to sail.*

*They dared to do what none had done,
They sailed where few had sailed;
They fought for their religious rights
With zeal that never failed.*

*So on that first Thanksgiving Day
They gave to Him their thanks,
Because these fearless pilgrims knew
The Lord was in their ranks.*

On the Editor's Desk



SCHOOL AWARDS

By Armand Feigenbaum

DOES wearing a school letter on your chest count very much anymore? Stand in a corridor sometime; watch the school go by. Unless it is a very unusual occasion, you will undoubtedly see pass almost fifteen different types of letters, worn by many more than fifteen students. Then talk to someone who has been out of high school about ten years; ask him if he recalls the number of letters he used to see in the corridors. Probably he will tell you that seeing about five letters, let alone five different types of letters, was the average.

Just what has accounted for this great increase in the numbers of those wearing letters? Of course, there are many more activities giving letters now, yet, even in proportion, there are far more letters now than then. Is it possible that we are becoming slightly lax in our requirements for the winning of a letter?

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the relative merits of the various activities now receiving letters. Needless to say, the school authorities found good reason to grant the letters to all these organizations. In them are many persons who work just as hard in their own way as do the athletes. It does not seem that the need is to cut down the number of organizations receiving awards,

but to cut down the number of persons receiving them, and to do away with some of the many different types of letters now being given. Of course one or two activities might be dropped from the list after investigation, but this would be the exception rather than the rule.

It probably would be a wise plan to rearrange the requirements for letters in many of our organizations so that those who really work should be given the letter, while those who do not, but are at present scraping by, should be dropped from the list. In that way not only would we cut down the excessive numbers of wearers, but also more initiative would be exercised in order to receive a letter. As a consequence of this, better work would naturally result.

Let us look at the number of different types of letters which are being at present granted. We could fill a sizable paragraph by listing them. So many different types plainly submerge each other, making the emblems practically meaningless. Perhaps we might divide the organizations and teams of the schools into three groups: one granting major P's to major teams, another giving minor P's to minor teams, and still a third giving an entirely different type of reward to such organizations as orchestra or

THE STUDENT'S PEN. It is plain that these organizations are not run on the same basis, nor have in them the same types as in athletics and they should undoubtedly be given some reward which is entirely different than that given athletics. We might have the activity itself or an executive board vote on the reward to be given them. Perhaps they might decide on a pin and a certificate, or perhaps on a letter whose basic design is clearly one of its own, not corresponding to the athletic letter.

This is merely a suggestion of the lines that might be followed. There is, at all events, a very definite need for letters or emblems which are really representative, and which, by limiting their distribution, would have real meaning. It does seem that any system which has become so cumbersome, so unwieldy, so generally unsatisfactory to all should be remedied. No doubt, some less flexible standard of awards would result in increasing the meaning and respect of our school letter.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS FOR GIRLS

Miriam Phelps

IN PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL, the boys' sports—football, hockey, track, basketball, and baseball—are considered so important that the various teams are allowed and encouraged to compete with those of other schools in this vicinity. Yet the girls' sports—hockey, basketball, and track—are only intra-mural. Our school benefits by the fine reputation of its football players; it would also benefit by having its girls' basketball team hold the county championship. Some may say that the girls do not have as much school spirit as the boys, but what chances do they have to show their loyalty?

To be sure, the Pittsfield High girls' swimming team meets the other teams of the city, and it has done very well. If the swimming

(Continued on Page 25)

AMERICA'S THANKS

By Elliot M. Weisgarber

THANKSGIVING—a day of feasting and joy. That is the idea which prevails throughout our country concerning this day of rejoicing. True enough, it is a day of happiness, but do we ever pause to think of its real meaning?

The Pilgrim Fathers inaugurated Thanksgiving Day to give thanks to the Creator for having released them from bondage and for delivering them from the awful specters of starvation and disease which had hovered over them so long. Today, three hundred years later, we Americans seem to forget the significance of the day.

Europe is in a state of turmoil and disillusionment. The "war to end war," terminated by the Armistice eighteen years ago, has left only disaster in its wake. Ravaged by depression and starvation, the war-torn continent has lost faith in man and God. Governments have been overthrown; people have been trampled down to the lowest depth of despair and degradation. World-wide depression has resulted.

But here in America, even in our hour of direst need, our people have retained their faith in our institutions, their hope for the future. Our form of government has remained firm; revolution has not even been whispered, for our people have had faith that the skies would ultimately brighten. As a result of this confidence, the American people have emerged almost completely from the dark abyss of the depression.

Today America stands alone among the great powers, stable, secure, and at peace. For all our blessings, it behooves each and every one of us to thank God, and to covenant with ourselves to work for the betterment of all humanity.

Literature



SOME JOKE!

By Mildred Carmel

"THERE he is! Nab him, fellows! Hurry! before he makes a getaway!" whispered Mike Jarvey to his two cronies.

The person to whom he referred was clad in riding togs and carried a suitcase.

At the whispered command from their leader, the boys jumped as one on the unsuspecting victim, immediately overpowering him.

"That was swell," chuckled Mike, "Here, Bob, you tie him up, and you'd better stuff a handkerchief in his mouth for good measure. And Bill, you put him in the rumble seat"—and then with an afterthought—"you'd better put in the suitcase, too; he's going to need it."

The three boys jumped into the car, flashed on their lights, and sped away into the darkness. This was vacation week and they were out to enjoy themselves.

"Gee, isn't it dandy of my uncle to let us spend this week at that old house of his!"

"Boy, that's swell, especially when you'll have your servant of all work," laughed Bill, with a knowing glance at the rumble seat.

"Lucky for us we knew Jack was going away today! Anyway, he'll never be missed, not with all the gags he pulls," laughed Bob.

"Oh, I dunno," answered Bill, "he's a pretty good egg, but by gosh, that last gag of his went too far!"

"Yeah. Just imagine his putting glue on the floor near our desks, knowing the teacher would have to stand there to write on the board! He knew she was too near-sighted to see it!" mused Mike.

"And of course we'd be suspected, us, the three stooges of the class, while Jack is just the class model—sometimes."

"Gee, but was she funny when she tried to walk away and couldn't! Honest, I nearly laughed myself sick!" chuckled Mike.

"Yeah, and didn't she know it! Were we dumb not to have kept still! But Jack didn't blink an eyelash. He just looked full of sympathy. I don't see how he can do it!"

"Well, we should worry. Our revenge is coming."

"You said a mouthful, Mike! It'll be mighty quick, too, because here's the place," pointing to a large building standing out dimly in the dusk.

"Boy," said Bill, "he couldn't find his way back in a million years!—Gee, I wish I was staying with you."

"Well, let's go in, Bob, what're we waiting for, Santa Claus? You bring in our suitcases and I'll bring in the rest of the baggage," winking slyly and dragging the unwilling passenger from the rumble seat. "And listen, Bill, be sure to come back after us next Saturday afternoon."

"O. K., Mike. So Long! Hope you have a good time!"

So saying, Bill got into the car and started away.

"Gee, Bob," Mike said, "I'm sure glad I'm 'way out here. My sister wanted me to take that Chase dame to the dance tomorrow night. I hate girls! I won't have anything to do with them!"

"That's what I say. But don't you think we ought to show our—honored guest—to his room?"

"By all means. We must show every courtesy!" mocked Mike in a high falsetto.

"Well, we'll put him on the third floor," said Bob. Without stopping to make a light the boys shoved their captive up the stairs, deposited him in the third floor room and hastily untied his bonds.

"Here's your suitcase. And you'd better take off your hat and stay awhile."

Then they walked out, Mike, carefully locking the door after him. Immediately he heard the bolt from within being shot.

"Oh, well," he shrugged, "I guess we'll have to get supper, Mike."

"What's the diff, just for tonight? I'll bring Jack some supper after we've finished. He ought to be over it by then. He can take it, once he knows he is caught."

As soon as the two boys finished cooking and eating supper, Mike mounted the stairs with food for Jack.

Finding the door still bolted he called out, "Come on, be a good fellow. Open the door. I've brought your supper."

The bolt slid back. The door opened slowly.

"Well, we've got you at last! Thought you were——." He stopped in startled amazement. Then dropping the dishes, he let out a whoop, "Hey, Bob, come up here!"

Bob came up the stairs two at a time. "What the heck's the matter?" He stared, too, and then burst out, "Holy Gee!"

The object of this consternation was Jack—who wasn't Jack! There on the cot sat a girl with black curly hair and sparkling brown eyes.

"Why, er-um-a-where's Jack?" stuttered Mike, more and more confused as the girl looked at him with amusement.

Suddenly she smiled. "Now I see," she said, "you mistook me for my twin, Jack."

"Twin!" shouted Mike.

"Twin!" echoed Bob.

"Why, yes, didn't you know Jack had a twin?"

"Why, no," said Mike, "he often spoke of his sister but he never said anything about a twin."

"Wait a minute!" said the girl suddenly, "Now I see why Jack insisted that I ride over to Auntie's. He even took the pains to get me off to the riding stables at six o'clock. He must have suspected you were up to something and so he got me into it instead. But now that I'm here, I think it would be a good idea to introduce ourselves. I'm Hope—and you?"

"I'm Mike Jarvey and this is Bob Foster. I'm——, say, what's that?"

He ran to the window and saw the headlights of a car in the yard.

"I wonder who that can be?" he murmured. "Well, there's nothing like finding out!"

He rushed down the stairs, followed by Bob and Hope.

In the car, they beheld Jack, smiling wickedly.

"Hi ya, gang! Just thought I'd drop in and say 'hello!'—why, Hope, what're you doing here!" he exclaimed, feigning surprise as he caught sight of her.

"You knew very well that I was here and how I got here, too!"

"Oh, boy, what a joke!" laughed Jack. "If only I could have seen your faces when you found you had Hope instead of me!"

Again he burst into laughter. Then finally controlling himself, he said, "Hop in, Sis, I did come out to bring you home."

(Continued on Page 25)

BANANA OIL

(A Story in Two Parts)

By Armand V. Feigenbaum

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

(Jazzbo Jippers, an inoffensive young fellow who has grown strong through eating bananas, gets a job with the Chicago Reds pro football team by virtue of straightarming Butch McGoo, the famous tough tackle. Jazzbo goes to the clubhouse with the intention of entering but is frightened by a youngster who sails through the door, leaving it open in his flight. Jazzbo tries to run, but is pulled back by the coach.)

Part II

"I'll introduce you to the boys, Jazz," says the coach. "This is Jazzbo Jippers, mugs."

Laughter and cries of, "Hiya punk," or "How ya doin', slug," greet Jazzbo. A big bruiser comes up to Jazzbo. "I hear ya is de mug what knocked off Butch McGoo. I likes ya, pal and so does we all on account we doesn't like dis egg, McGoo. Also don't bodder yaself wit de punk wot we trew out of de door. Dat's the way we open doors around dis joint."

"I see," says Jazzbo half heartedly. And before he knows it Jazzbo is put through day after day of training. Finally, black and blue, he hears the coach announce that the first game will be played in two days. Jazzbo, feeling himself, wonders what a game will be if this is what he gets in practice.

But Jazzbo has been taught much and his throw-away-banana-peel straightarm works very well. In the first ten games of the season, he scores twenty-one touchdowns and leaves a trail of victories behind him. In fact Jazzbo has inspired his mates to clean play. They no longer now jab their fingers in a pass receiver's eye, or pull the referee's helmet over his eyes and stamp on his feet when their mates go to work on an annoying opponent, or use the horseshoes hidden in their pants to bop their opponents in line play. Only their brass knucks, without which they feel lost, are left, and they only sock an opponent with these when absolutely necessary.

Jazzbo is getting a big play from the gazettes as a good influence for the children, also. Instead of joining his mates in cigars on time out, he calls for bananas and consumes

a couple of pounds. Mothers begin to tell their children that they will play football as well as Jazzbo Jippers if they eat their bananas every night. The papers carry the reports of Jazzbo's mother on how she carefully fixed his taste for bananas, and more people eat bananas than ever before.

Jazzbo's team, however, has one more obstacle before it can be counted national champions. This obstacle is that of the Philadelphia Sluggs. The star of the Sluggs is Butch McGoo, who quit the Reds after Jazzbo was hired. Butch McGoo has vowed that he will take Jazzbo apart piece by piece, then forget to put him together again and the papers play up the rivalry between Butch and Jazzbo.

Butch also has spies in the ranks of the Reds to find the cause of Jazzbo's strength. They come back and report that Jazzbo really does eat bananas and that these bananas, eaten during the game, give him his strength. Butch, thereupon, goes to the officials of the football league and puts up a protest against Jazzbo's eating bananas on the field as he says they clutter up the field and cause the opposing players to slip. Also he bribes the officials to force Jazzbo to discontinue this practice as he says that then, if they bet on the Sluggs, they will surely win as Jazzbo is the only offence of the Reds and they are lost without him.

There is gloom in the camp of the Reds. They realize that without bananas, Jazzbo Jippers is not a football player and cannot use his famous straight arm, and without Jazzbo Jippers, the Reds are lost.

Finally the big day arrives. Jazzbo goes onto the field with the team and tosses up with Butch McGoo who wins the toss and elects to kick off. Butch directs the kick at Jazzbo and races down the field and hits our hero at the time he receives the ball. Jazzbo flies twenty yards backwards, and the ball flies twenty yards forward where a Slugg recovers it. The first two plays of the Sluggs do not gain, so Butch, the team's punter, goes back into position. But it is a trick play. Butch takes the ball and runs instead. He goes through the Red line as if it were paper and heads directly for Jazzbo, playing safety. Jazzbo feels the urge to run in the opposite direction, but steels himself and dives at Butch.

The tough man mistakes Jazzbo for the football and kicks him on the point of the chin. But Jazzbo hangs on to Butch's shoestrings and so stops his progress that he only makes 26 yards. Jazzbo picks himself up, finds that he has lost 12 dollars of gold tooth, a piece of ear. He feels his arms and legs to find that they are there, and, sure they are, goes back into the fray. For three periods Jazzbo is ruined and at last, with only two minutes to go, weary from lack of bananas, his famous straightarm gone, he goes back to receive Butch's punt. Suddenly the coach, whose name will go down in the book of fame, gets an idea. He races toward the goal-line of the Sluggs who are leading 3-0 by a field goal by Butch McGoo and takes out a yellowish thing which Jazzbo can barely see through the gathering dusk.

The coach, with apparent relish, begins to peel the object, when Jazzbo realizes it is a banana. Figuring quickly that the banana will be eaten before the end of the game, football game forgotten, taking Butch McGoo's punt behind the goalline as only an incident, Jazzbo races toward the Slugg goal. His straight arm is in fine form and he goes through 10 Sluggs as if they were paper. He

begins to tire, but he sees the coach put the banana to his lips and that gives Jazzbo fresh strength. Tossing Butch McGoo 33 yards across the field, Jazzbo crosses the goal-line and eats the banana before the shouts of the fans, amazed at the victory. And that is how Jazzbo Jippers won the national championship for the Reds.

No, Jazzbo isn't playing football any longer; in fact he quit the next year. The only time his name is seen in public any more, is when children, eating their daily banana distributed by the Crunchie Wunchie Banana Company see the name of its president, J. B. Jippers on the cover.

ASSURANCE

By Betty Mitchell

*Rain beat against the window pane
And grief against my heart;
The grey mist swirled
About the world
Like ghosts loath to depart.*

*Then something stirred within my soul
And I went out the door
Into the strain
Of wind and rain
And found great joy once more.*

*For when I had to use my strength
To fight the universe
And felt the race
Against my face
Of Nature's force, perverse—*

*I learned that it's the fight that puts
The courage in one's soul;
When we compete
There's no defeat—
Assurance is our goal.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOBBLER

By Phyllis Moore

I AM, or was, a turkey. Until three days ago I was the pride of my family and the apple of my mother's eye. The story of my life is long and eventful.

I was born last March in a little out-of-the-way place in New England, the direct descendant of a long line of Mexican turkeys. Many centuries ago my ancestors migrated from Mexico under the leadership of that great Turkish patriot, Meliograss Galipavo. Many's the evening, when the cold March wind blustered and roared outside our coop, that my mother would entertain us by telling tales of Galipavo's valor which she had heard from her mother, and she from her mother, ad infinitum. He soon became my ideal, and I determined to be just like him.

The barnyard where I lived was too wet to play in, those first few months of my existence; but later, when the spring rains were over and the sun had come out to stay, I was allowed to go outdoors. I scurried around with my brothers and sisters to explore every bit of that barnyard. We met all our relatives and some of our parents' friends, who declared that we were quite well-behaved children, considering. I was a little suspicious of the "considering," but as yet I was too young to dispute their words, so I held my peace.

My father's brother, Uncle George, was a politician. He was a "big man" in the national affairs of the yard and was always in the political limelight. We all respected him highly, but I was a little afraid of him, he seemed so pompous and learned. He was the most traveled of all the inhabitants of the barnyard, with the exception of the Plymouth Rock rooster. They had both gone to the Great Barrington Fair back in '35, and an old feud existed between them. In recounting their exploits to the assembled barnyard, the rooster had said that Uncle George had

"carried on" with the fortune teller at the fair. He had scratched her when she stroked his feathers. But poor old Uncle George is dead now, and has been gathered unto his fathers. He took his last stand in politics when he advocated a change in the barnyard's foreign policy, for he was assassinated by a crank anarchist.

While I was growing up, I learned to fight and also to be diplomatic enough to avoid a fight; but usually my meanness won out, so I finally threw diplomacy to the four winds. But I defend my rights by saying that a good fist-fight is any turkey's privilege. My mother always said that I inherited my pugnacious spirit from my father's side of the family. But when I questioned my father about it, he sort of shrank into a corner and looked sad. Poor father. I realize now that he was a very hen-pecked husband.

Quite early in my life I heard that old, oft-repeated axiom, "Spare the axe and spoil the turkey"; but I favored it with a total disregard, for two reasons: first, life was too much fun to be bothering about stuffy old axioms; and second, I didn't realize its significance. Oh, I was a gay young bird in those days. Then one day, when I had just attained my turkeyhood and was considered among the most promising of the rising generation, a terrible thing happened. I was beheaded! Oh, that fatal day! How well I remember it. Only then did I recall that old saying which I had so lately cast aside with no regrets whatever.

I was prepared for a Thanksgiving feast, then placed in the center of a table at which were seated a man, a woman, and two children. There was rich gravy sprinkled with parsley all around me. If I hadn't been already dead, I would surely have drowned in that thick brown sea. Ah, the cruelty of it all.

(Continued on Page 25)

BOOMERANG

By Isabelle C. Sayles

"JULIA, Julia Caryl!" cried a masculine voice, "Don't you speak to your old friends?"

At this question a slim, good-looking woman of about forty turned and looked at the speaker with a puzzled frown.

"Don't you know me?" asked the man, coming toward her. "I'm Jim Bartlett."

"Why, Jim, I didn't recognize you. You've changed, but that is to be expected after over fifteen years."

"Shall we go sit down? How do you happen to be in Atlantic City?"

Seating herself she replied. "I'm on a vacation. I'm working in a large business office now."

"I wonder if she ever married," he said to himself, not quite daring to ask.

Mentally kicking himself, he thought back to the time, twenty years before, when they'd been sweethearts. They were even engaged to be married and might have been, had it not been for his foolish fears.

He had been in the habit of visiting her home several nights a week. Here he met Julia's mother, a very large woman. She was not only large but decidedly fat. Seeing her so often, Jim's dislike of fat people soon grew into a mania. With this obsession came a startling idea. Suppose Julia had inherited from her mother a tendency to be fat. With disgust he could picture her, large as her mother, overflowing her chair and disgracing him when he brought his business associates home to dine. Day by day his fears grew. One night he could stand it no longer, so he packed his things and left for another city. He wrote her a note asking her to forgive him for breaking their en-

gagement and saying he would always love her, but he gave no real reason for his actions.

* * * *

"You are looking fine, Julia, just as pretty as the last time I saw you," he commented, breaking the silence.

Smiling, she replied, "Years ago I was afraid that when I grew older I would be like my mother. I never knew till a short time before she died that she had adopted me when I was only a tiny baby."

"You aren't married, are you?"

"No, I never cared for anyone else enough to marry."

"Julia, I never found anyone else either. Would you think me an old fool if I asked you to marry me? I'm only forty-six. I'm fairly well off and I've been terribly lonely."

With pity in her eyes she answered, "I'm sorry, Jim, but I must say 'No.' Please don't be hurt."

* * * *

In his hotel room Jim surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Not bad," he said aloud, "she could do worse in picking a husband. I wonder why she refused me. Boy," to the bell-boy, "bring me some ice-water."

As the door closed behind the boy he heard another bell-boy call, "Where yuh goin', Bud?"

"After some ice-water for the man in 107—you know, the fat guy that weighs about three hundred."

ERRATA

The article "New Faculty", which appeared in the October issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN, should have been credited to Edward J. Gebauer.

"What Price Friendship," in the same issue, was written by Robert Lord.

"RED HEAD, GINGERBREAD"

By Elaine Kittler

I THINK valentines are goofy," declared Jimmy to his chums, who were gathered on the front steps of Jimmy's house munching apples and discussing the coming event—a valentine party.

"I don't like to be wasting my money on girls, anyway."

Miss Breeze, their teacher, had promised them a valentine party. Of course, what the boys liked best at a party was the eats. They thought mailing valentines to their school-mates by putting them in a heart-shaped box on the teacher's desk was silly and childish.

Just at this moment, Peggy came down the street. Peggy was a little bit too thin and inclined to have freckles all over her nose, and above all, her flaming red hair made her the topic for discussion among the boys.

"Hello! Look who's here," shouted Jimmy.

"Hello, Carrots," put in Charles.

Peggy walked up the sidewalk with her be-freckled nose in the air.

"'Red Head, Gingerbread'. Five cents a loaf," the boys all chanted together.

Peggy could stand it no longer. She faced them crying angrily, "You—you—you—," but she could think of nothing bad enough to call them. She turned and fled.

At once the boys decided to send her a funny valentine. They clambered noisily into Jimmy's house, where Jimmy hastily produced some paper and crayons. One of the boys drew a picture of a very thin girl with fiery red hair. Charles, in the meantime, had been perfecting a verse to write under the picture. It read thus:

Roses are red,
So's your hair;
When they see you,
The boys all stare.

Jimmy was delegated to put it into the box the next morning, which he eagerly did.

That night after he was in bed, his conscience began to bother him. He wouldn't like to receive it. He hopped out of bed and counted his pocket money. Just enough. But then, no, he wouldn't spend his money on a girl.

"Well," and then he gave a long sigh, "I suppose I'd better."

With this he was off to bed again.

The next day at a time when he was sure none of his friends would see him, he slipped into the corner drug store and purchased a large, lacy valentine with gold writing on it.

At last the day of the party came. Jimmy was chosen postmaster. He went around back of the teacher's desk to deliver Peggy's valentine. As he did so he pretended to drop something. He bent over to pick it up and was completely hidden from the view of the class. He slipped the mean valentine into his pocket and handed Peggy the lacy one. As she opened it her eyes nearly popped out of her head. She laid her head on her desk and cried. When asked what was the matter, she replied, "It's so pretty."

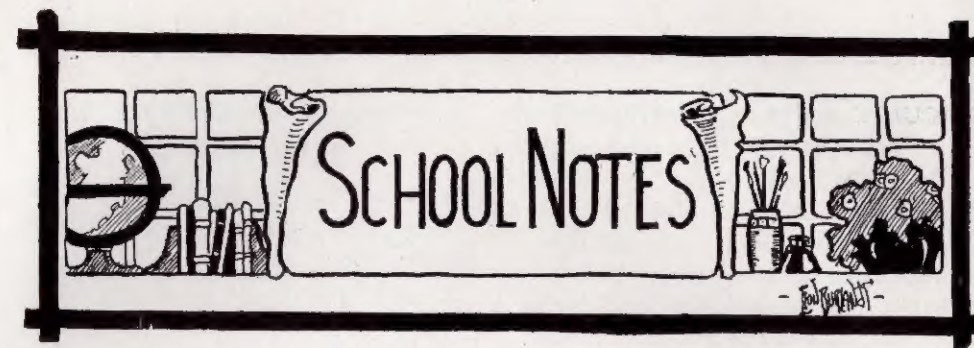
"Aren't girls the limit," he muttered disgustedly as he hurried up to the box for another valentine, so that no one would see him blinking.



THANKSGIVING THANKS

By Meriel Van Buren and Dorothy Shelton

Name	Renders Thanks
Mr. Strout	For Maine and Vermont.
Miss Morse	That there is but one "Blue Monday" in the week.
Ruth MacWilliams	For all the grand friends she has made at Pittsfield High.
Ben Newman	That he has been able to last two years at Pittsfield High.
Mr. Herrick	For the splendid cooperation of the Senior B class.
Miss Kaliher	That Hitler is over in Germany.
Mr. Conroy	For his family, his friends, and his health.
Helen Fitch	For an excellent coach and a cooperative play committee.
Henry Miller	That there is only one John McLaughlin.
Miss Morris	That she has only two English 9 classes.
Mr. W. D. Goodwin	That students still take Latin.
Mr. Leahy	That he has such an intelligent group of pupils this year.
Miss Millet	That the sun gets around to room 142 before 2.30.
Bruce McDonald	That there is only one French period in the day.
Dorothy Litty	That she is alive.
John Langdon	For the cooperation of the committee and of Miss Millet, our class adviser, for the success of the "Prom."
Miss Nagle	That all the Latin pupils are master minds.
Mr. Innis	That he is able to teach in such a beautiful high school.
Miss Parker	That the 10B class is so good about bringing their excuses.
Dan Carey	For the honor of being able to play with such a swell bunch of fellows as the 1936 football team.
Marion Roberts	That a good pun is still enjoyed by some people. That cook-books are still in circulation.



Robert Jacob

John Cooney

Tuesday, November 10, a large and appreciative audience heard one of the best lectures ever presented before this school. Mr. J. Francis Caveny, an accomplished artist and sculptor, entertained the audience with clever bits of poetry and story while he sketched two scenes, one of Venice and the other of Niagara Falls, and modeled several faces in clay. He also drew a caricature of Mr. Denison, who was sitting in the front row. The two sketches, the property of a lucky student, have been on exhibition in room 242 for some time.

The Junior A class has selected Bruce MacDonald as their president and Henry Miller as vice president. The other officers are Ruby Cockrill, treasurer, and Julia Ziemba, secretary.

If you should hear any of the women teachers complaining of lame backs and sore muscles, or if you should catch any of them walking with a cane or possibly crutches, you'll know the gym class for teachers has started.



An exceptionally large number of boys have turned out for bowling every week; in fact more boys want to bowl than there is room for. If conditions warrant it, it is possible that a third group may be formed in order to allow all boys to bowl. Boys not

on a team now may bowl after the league has finished on Tuesdays and Fridays for the same reduced rate. A number of boys have been taking advantage of this opportunity in the past.



The social dancing classes have started with as much pep, vim, and wigger as ever before. A large number of boys and girls have been attending both the beginners' and advanced classes. The first in a series of four tea dances for this group will be just before the Christmas vacation. (Remember, fellows, the early bird catches the worm.)

For the benefit of the seven hundred odd sophomores who now wander about our fair school, we would like to say a few words in regard to the school bank. This bank is maintained primarily to encourage you to save a few pennies each week to help you defray graduation expenses three years from now. Any small amount will open an account for you. The bank, situated in the cafeteria, is open during all lunch periods. There is only one thing you must remember. If you care to withdraw any large sum of money which you have deposited, you must notify the bank a day ahead. The reason for that is that only the day's deposits are kept on hand.

FACULTY EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

By Dorothy Shelton

The pupils of Pittsfield High may have noticed on the bulletin a few weeks ago a small item which stated that a new gym class for women teachers under the leadership of the gymnastic instructors was being formed. This idea of extra-curricular activities of the teachers, although not new, is worthy of considerable praise.

For several years it has been the custom of the faculty to produce two plays a year. The student attendance at these plays proves their popularity. Or, perhaps, it is that the pupils enjoy seeing their teachers in a tight spot once in a while, if only fictitiously. If one can judge by the guffaws, cheers, and laughter of the audience, the latter reason is the most correct.

Moreover, it is the custom of the men teachers to engage in baseball and basketball competition with the students. At the last such basketball game the gymnasium was so crowded that it was almost impossible to move. From this fact it appears that it is most interesting to see our usually grave and dignified teachers running and shouting and being pushed around by their otherwise respectful students.

We hope in the near future to see our women teachers of the new gym class engage with the girl's gym teams in various sport activities, which may be viewed by the entire student body.

Undoubtedly many, if not all, of these extra-curriculum activities of teachers require a great deal of work on their part, but we hasten to assure them that their efforts are greatly appreciated by the pupils.

HOMEWORK

By Beatrice Ritchie

Whenever the discussion of homework comes up, I am inclined to disagree with the assertion that all homework should be abolished. It is true that at times homework is unevenly divided so that we are liable to have excessive work one night and none at all the next. But it is also true that no homework at all would be foolish. Of course, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but this saying turned around is quite apt to be true, also.

The only solution and the best one, I think, is to have special nights for certain homework, such as math and Latin Monday night, English on Tuesday, and so forth, and with a two days' advance notice of a test.

This seems to be the only fair solution of the problem. But will such a plan work out, you may ask! There is no reason why it shouldn't. The majority of juniors have five subjects and one study period a day. With gym twice a week they have left only three study periods weekly. How can they be expected to do their homework well? With five lessons to prepare and a limited time in which to do them it is no wonder pupils and parents complain of late hours, and teachers of unfinished work.

It is necessary that something be done without going so far as to abolish all homework, and the most convenient method is to have two subjects a night. Such a system would leave the pupil with the feeling that he has ample time to play, work, and sleep, and yet get his homework done well.

GORGAS MEMORIAL ESSAY CONTEST

By Elaine Kittler

JUNIORS! Seniors! here is a splendid opportunity for you to participate in the eighth annual Gorgas Memorial Essay Contest 1936-37 established by Mr. and Mrs. L. Doherty of New York City. The essay on the subject, "The Importance of Mosquito Control and The Gorgas Memorial" should reveal an accurate knowledge of the methods of mosquito control, the diseases transmitted by mosquitoes, the benefits accruing from mosquito control and the importance of the Gorgas Memorial in relation to research on these subjects and in relation to personal health. All essays will be judged on their literary value, the scope and accuracy of the scientific facts presented. The Gorgas Memorial Institute, which honors Major General William Crawford Gorgas, sanitarian, soldier and "world physician", conducts a program of scientific research and education for better personal health.

There are two groups of prizes; national and state awards, and a high school prize consisting of a Gorgas Medallion. The national prizes are: first prize, \$500 in cash with a \$200 travel allowance to Washington, D. C. to receive the award; second prize, \$150 in cash; third prize, \$50 in cash; fourth and fifth awards, honorable mention. The state prize is \$10 in cash; the medallion is given only to the high school where ten or more students are competing.

The winning essay from each high school must be mailed from the principal's office and postmarked not later than midnight, January 15, 1937, the closing date for this contest. All high school students in junior and senior classes are eligible.

Essays must not exceed 1500 words in length. They may be typewritten or prepared with pen and ink, but must be written

on one side of the paper only, with liberal margins. Each manuscript must bear the name and home address of the writer, and the name and postoffice address of the school.

Notices concerning this contest are posted on the bulletin board near Room 233.

Here are a few suggested references: "Sanitation in Panama" by W. C. Gorgas; "The Conquest of Disease" by David Masters; "William Crawford Gorgas" by Gorgas and Hendrick, and "Our Times" Volume I by Mark Sullivan.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Play Committee, consisting of Nan Finch, Grace Rossi, Christine Scipione, Lincoln Eramo, Daniel MacDonald, and William Davis, has selected the play, "The Goose Hangs High," by Lewis Beach, for production December 11th. Mr. James A. Conroy is acting as coach.

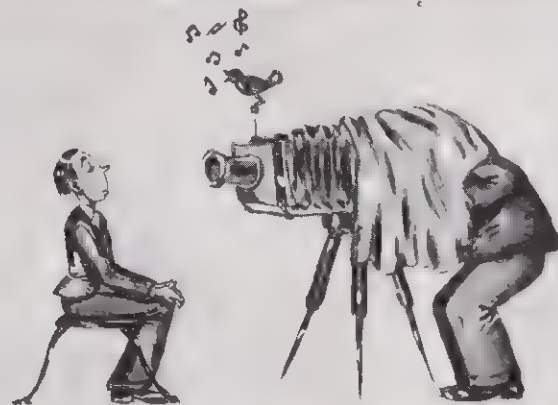
The play presents Bernard and Eunice, the parents of the family, deeply devoted to each other and earnestly desirous of giving their three children every advantage to prepare them for life. They overdo this, however, as the harum scarum young moderns soon reveal. The action becomes exciting, especially after critical, blue-blooded Granny takes a hand and saves what looks like a bad situation.

THE CAST

Bernard Ingals	Richard Lacatell
Eunice Ingals	Helen Fitch
Noel Derby	Joseph Pastore
Leo Day	Victor Ziemak
Rhoda	Ethel Ferris
Julia Murdoch	Ruth MacWilliams
Mrs. Bradley	Maia Nelson
Hugh Ingals	Donald Harrington
Ronald Murdoch	Harold Coulter
Lois Ingals	Anne Nixon
Bradley Ingals	Charles Miller
Dagmar Carroll	Irene Bachuzewsky
Elliot Kimberly	George Hashim



Who's Who in P.H.S.



Pianist



Bernhardt



Punster



Center



Demosthenes



Whiteman

November, 1936

19

And Why

PIANIST

Introducing Thelma Lapp, gavel knocker of the Gi-Y and member of the Senior B class. She has, to our utter dismay, a distinct hatred of cows, but what is still more surprising, a love of algebra! ! On questioning her in regard to her future aims in life, we find she is undecided but who knows—she, with her amazing ability as a tune twister, may become a feminine Paderewski! All the more power to her.

CENTER

Albert Holden is the presiding officer of the Senior Hi-Y and center on the varsity football team. He is known by several different nicknames, "Red," "Rusty," and the newly acquired "Slugger". He is the possessor of a most likable personality and fiery red hair. His favorite pastimes are eating ice cream and removing blonde hairs from his coat. He blushes quite easily and loathes puns.

DEMOSTHENES

Armand Fiegenbaum is one of the most active students in our school. At present he presides over the Debating Club, writes for this magazine—please see "Banana Oil." He is a member of the Dramatic Club, and plays tennis—at least he plays at it. He said that he knew he was a poor tennis player, but when a six-year old beat him, well — — —, "Izzy" is an all 'round good fellow and will make a record here of which any of us might be proud.

BERNHARDT

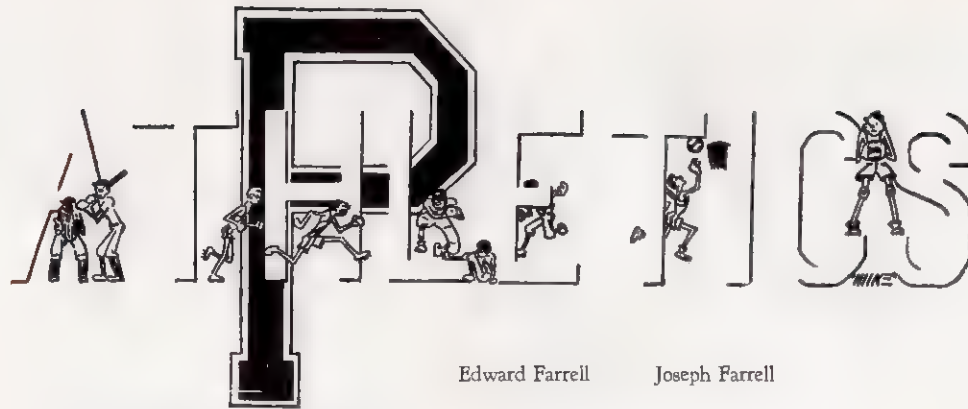
Blue eyes, long lashes and a dimpled chin—that's Betty "Mince" Nicholls, member of the Dramatic club and president of the Tri-Hi club. Is fond of reading, swimming and hiking and is a lover of music. Admits she hasn't a "mathematical" mind and is "scared blue" of bats and history tests, but hopes some day to be a lion-tamer. She detests—as who doesn't?—washing dishes.

PUNSTER

You can't help liking Marion Roberts, secretary of the Senior B class, and probably P. H. S.'s most noted feminine "punster". She's a good sport —always "on the go"—insists she never was able to understand football (although she likes it), chemistry, or how to ride a bicycle. She'll make you an expert cook—if you're fond of canned beans or spaghetti; dislikes pancakes; accomplished in the arts of driving, re-washing dishes, and particularly "putting away" pineapple whip.

WHITEMAN

The popular choice of the Junior A class to guide its first financial as well as social endeavor, the Junior Prom, is John M. Langdon. Strictly confidentially, the "M" stands for Mans. He is vice-president of the Senior Hi-Y and a member of the P. H. S. band and orchestra. His would-be competitors are wondering what it is that attracts the feminine admirers. The foremost of his many ambitions is to become a leader of a "swing" orchestra.



THE TURKEY DAY TILT

When Pittsfield and St. Joseph's meet on the Common tomorrow it will mark the seventeenth time that the schools have come together.

Since the beginning of this series, Pittsfield has won ten of the games and St. Joe's have won four. Two games resulted in ties.

The Stewart men will endeavor to extend their undefeated record to seven games for this season, and fourteen games for the past two seasons.

Pittsfield's record so far this season is six won, none lost and one tied. They have scored one hundred seventy-five points while their opponents have scored only six.

Jake Barnini has established a new record for scoring in this section, having rolled up a total of 95 points.

Pittsfield enters into this fray as a heavy favorite to win, but St. Joseph's always injects into this game a spirit that is very hard to defeat. Pittsfield's record, however, cannot be overlooked, and in comparing scores Pittsfield has a decided edge. Weight must also be considered, and here again Pittsfield leads by a large margin.

But, as in years before, these factors do not mean too much in deciding the final outcome.

The probable starting line-up:

Pittsfield		St. Joseph
Carey	i.e.	Koscher
Polito	i.t.	Garrity
McClintock	i.g.	Speranzo
Holden	c.	O'Donnell
Bookless	r.g.	Welch

Lasch	r.t.	Ryan
Parker	r.e.	Sparks
Barnini	q.b.	Woitkoski
McHaffie	l.h.b.	Haughey
Gleason	r.h.b.	Hoffman
Evans	f.b.	Donovan

PITTSFIELD 36—WILLIAMSTOWN 0

Pittsfield succeeded in defeating its second opponent from this county when they turned back Williamstown High to the tune of 36-0.

In all, five touchdowns were scored. Two came in the second period, and one each in the others. Four of the remaining points were scored by conversions and the other two were scored in the second quarter when a bad pass from center passed over the head of the potential punter and into the end zone.

Jake Barnini scored three of the five touchdowns and all were procured by straight running plays. The other two were scored by "Howie" Gleason and Renzi.

One of the features of the contests was the play of the Sophomore team. Midway in the third period, following an intercepted pass, Strizzi tossed a short pass to Joe Renzi who raced into the coveted territory.

In the fourth period Bob Steele started to throw passes on nearly every play. These passes were good considering the weather conditions, but when they really counted, our boys were waiting to knock them down or intercept them.

The backfield play stood out in this contest, but the line play should not be overlooked, for they opened the necessary holes on the scoring plays.

PITTSFIELD 40—POUGHKEEPSIE 0

The powerful Purple and White team pinned defeat on a stubborn Poughkeepsie High eleven for the second time in as many starts. Pittsfield scored six touchdowns and four extra points to none for the hosts.

Five minutes after the opening kick-off our boys had scored thirteen points. The Empire Staters tried to check our attack and start one of their own, but they were unsuccessful.

Our boys displayed power in all points of battle and after the final whistle had blown Jake Barnini had crossed Poughkeepsie's goal five times for touchdowns and made two conversions by rushing. The other touchdown was scored by "Howie" Gleason.

The backfield carried out their particular duties wonderfully and their successful efforts were aided by the blocking play of the linemen.

PITTSFIELD 7—HOLYOKE 0

The sons of Pittsfield High journeyed to the Connecticut Valley on November 14 to meet the powerful Holyoke gridsters. On this expedition they were more fortunate than on their previous one, and returned victorious.

Our boys outplayed a game Paper City team from the outset, although they could not score before the fourth quarter.

Pittsfield pushed the purple tide of Holyoke about considerably in the first half, but heavy penalties prevented a score. The passing attack of our team was very successful. In the fading minutes of the second quarter Danny Carey caught a pass on the eight-yard marker, where he was downed. We had four downs in which to push the ball over, but just before Holden snapped the ball for the fourth down, the whistle blew. Barnini crossed the goal line, but it was to no avail.

During the third quarter our attack was successful, but penalties prevented scoring opportunities.

In the fourth quarter things really started to happen. After a few exchanges of punts Pittsfield had the ball on their own ten-yard marker. On the first play a pass, Barnini to Carey, was successful. The next play saw another completed pass, this one O'Connor to Barnini. Jake was stopped on a freak tackle or a score might have been made. The next pass, Barnini to Carey, was grounded. O'Connor took Holden's pass from center and tossed a fifteen-yard pass to Barnini, who caught the pigskin on the twenty-yard line and galloped across the goal line for the only touchdown of the game. Jake then converted the extra point by rushing.

Holyoke's efforts to tie the score were unsuccessful, and the game ended with the score 7-0 in our favor.

In this game the play of the backfield again was the standout, but the linemen were not to be outdone.

A FOOTBALL HERO

By Alice Piccini

1.

He may not be Bob Taylor,
He may be just "Jim Brown",
But if he makes that touchdown,
He'll never lack renown!

2.

He may not know his history,
At English he may flop,
But if he makes that touchdown,
He'll always be the top!

3.

Our hero has the ball and now
He's down the field in style;
A grimy coat of mud can't hide
Sweet victory's sunny smile!

4.

He'll soon be just a memory,
But now his name we sing,
The cheering section is his court
Because today he's king!

PITTSFIELD 32—ADAMS 0

Pittsfield High, exhibiting a most powerful attack, met Adams High, Saturday, October 24 on Renfrew Field in Adams in the dedication-day game for this newly-renovated field. The day was hardly a gala one for the Adams team, however, as it went down to defeat under a score of 32 to 0. Pittsfield's fine performance definitely stamped it as a serious contender for the Western Massachusetts title.

Pittsfield kicked off, but Adams, unable to gain, was forced to punt. Barnini, catching the ball on the thirty-five advanced it to the forty-eight before he was stopped. On the second play Jake, again carrying the ball, ran around Pittsfield's right end, and, with the aid of brilliant blocking by the other three backs and the two guards, scored the first six points of the game. This play, the highlight of the game, was a real treat to watch, with the blockers carrying out their assignments perfectly and Barnini driving and shifting along in their wake.

Pittsfield scored again in the first quarter, with the aid of a poor pass from center on Adams' fourth down. MacHaffie and Barnini, banging away at the line, brought the ball to the two-yard marker and from this point MacHaffie scored.

In the second quarter Pittsfield started another drive, Barnini and Gleason bringing the ball up to Adams' fourteen-yard line. A pass, Barnini to MacHaffie, was good for a touchdown, and Lasch converted the extra point with a placement kick.

Pittsfield's last two scores came in the final period. Barnini scored on a plunge through right guard; and just before the game ended, MacHaffie scored through left guard, Barnini adding the extra point by rushing.

The whole Pittsfield team played well on the defense. On the offense Barnini was outstanding, with Gleason and MacHaffie starring in the backfield and the guards in the forward wall also putting up an excellent game.

PITTSFIELD 20—DRURY 0

The Pittsfield High School grid combine displayed the same power it showed in its early season encounters when it rolled up a 20-0 score against a strong Drury eleven.

Max Bookless kicked off for Pittsfield. The Tunnel City boys immediately went to work and started a march that was not halted until they were within our twenty-yard stripe. Our attack then started with passes and straight running plays mixed in. At the end of the initial period the ball was resting on the Drury one-yard stripe.

On the first play in the second quarter Jake Barnini plunged over for a touchdown. The extra point was converted by MacHaffie's rush. Pittsfield kicked off, but Drury's attack was not so successful as it was previously and they were forced to punt. Again a joint attack of passes and rushes was successful, but a long pass, MacHaffie to Gleason, was the feature. Near the end of the first half Barnini plunged over for the second touchdown. Buddy Evans' try for conversion by a placement kick failed and the score at half time was Pittsfield 13—Drury 0.

The third quarter was fought evenly with both teams showing exceptionally strong offensive play.

The fourth period saw the Purple and White getting back down to business bringing the pigskin within striking distance of the goal. Heavy penalties, however, prevented two scores, but in the remaining few minutes of play our passing attack got under way. This time a long pass, MacHaffie to Gleason, netted a score. This play was featured by the weaving and spinning of Howie Gleason. Barnini was successful in rushing the extra point.

The contest ended following a kick off by the sophomore team. The final score was 20-0.

Teamwork prevailed throughout this contest so it would be difficult to attempt to pick a "star."

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Mary McMahon and Mary Atkinson

FAR BE IT from us to keep our inquiring sophomores in doubt as to how those coveted awards from the gym department are obtained. First of all, let us take numerals. There are four essentials: neatness, good attendance at classes, good posture, and membership in that very select group known as squad leaders. If you can live up to these requirements for one semester, you will have a total of 45 points. That is a good start toward 150 points which are needed for a set of numerals. There are still four more ways of procuring numerals. These are: making a first team in any sport; holding second or third place in an archery tournament, winning the senior, junior or sophomore track-meet, or being a runner-up in the bowling tournament.

Awards are also given to the squad leaders who have been selected earlier in the term for their promising gym attitude. These awards must be returned, however, if the leader's attitude is not satisfactory.

It is much more difficult to obtain a letter. You must acquire either four sets of numerals or win a tournament. The cherished purple "P" is yours if you are victorious in any tournament.

And then for the exceptional athlete there is the purple and white monogram. Four hard earned letters is the price of this award.

Now you know the why's, when's, and wherefore's of obtaining the numerals, letters, monograms, and squad leader emblems. You have noticed, envied and coveted them. Why admire them from a distance when they are so easily obtained?

ARCHERY

There were many competitors in the archery tournament, all of whom showed

their excellent training in many exceptional shots. Bertha Kingsley took first place with Joan Merrit a close second. In third place was Philomena Carnevale, who obtained a very creditable score. All three deserve the heartiest of congratulations.

DANCING

Miss McLAUGHLIN has not as yet signed up any girls for her interpretive dancing class, but intends to begin the enrollment before long. She has decided to widen the scope of dances and will be able, therefore, to allow more girls to take part in this activity. So, all who are interested, listen carefully for news of the beginning class and sign as soon as possible.

HOCKEY

ONCE MORE THE SENIORS are winners of a tournament. This time they defeated the juniors and sophomores in hockey. A few scratched arms and legs are a small price to pay for this laudable victory.

TRACK

THE TRACK MEET is over, finished, done! Helen Neprava led all contestants and emerged with the top honors. Second place was captured by Amelia Strael; thus the senior class had the distinction of having the two best entrants in the track meet. The sophomore class can point with pride at Mary Popp, who snatched third place from both juniors and seniors.

There was one especially interesting feature in this year's track meet. That feature was seeing two sisters, Helen and Jennie Neprava, contending with each other for the high jump honors. Even the final results were unusual. The score was tied, both girls having jumped the 6'6", thus smashing the usual record for high school girls, of 6'4".

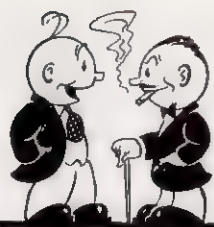


HUMOR

Editors

Robert C. Lord

Edward J. Gebauer



HERE'S A CHIRPY ONE

We would like to know what member of the faculty, when hunting, shot a bird and then couldn't find where it had fallen.

* * * *

Miss Kennedy—"Who is coming back for make up this afternoon?"

H. Barber—"How long will you be here?"

Miss K.—"About an hour, I think."

H. B.—"OK, I'll be back at the end of the hour."

* * * *

The children had been very attentive while the teacher told them about the animals.

"Now," she said, "name some things that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"I know, teacher."

"Well?"

"Motor cars, miss."

* * * *

Al Holden—Waiter, I can't eat this soup.

Waiter—One moment and I will call the manager.

Manager—What is the trouble?

Al Holden—I can't eat this soup.

Manager—Wait and I will call the chef.

Chef—Why can't you eat the soup?

Al Holden—I haven't any spoon.

* * * *

An old Indian came to town and for the first time saw a high school boy riding a bicycle.

"Huh," he exclaimed, "white man heap lazy. Sit down to walk."

HERE'S A RAW ONE

Senior to junior peeling onions: "Why are you weeping?"

Junior: "Oh, I'm just crying over the yonions (young uns)."

* * *

He's the luckiest man in the world. He has a wife and a cigarette lighter, and both of them work.

* * * *

HIS SPECIALTY

Warden—We must set you to work. What can you do?

Forger—Give me a week's practice and I will sign your checks for you.

* * * *

Professor—"Gentlemen, in your research you must begin your investigation with open minds."

Pinfeather—"But, professor, if I leave my mind wide open everything will escape."

* * * *

"I never hear you telling any of the bright things your children say."

"No, our children say so many bright things so rapidly that I find it difficult to remember them."

* * * *

Boy—"Teacher, I wish you would make that girl quit winking at me."

Teacher—"Why don't you look somewhere else?"

"Because if I do she'll wink at some other boy."

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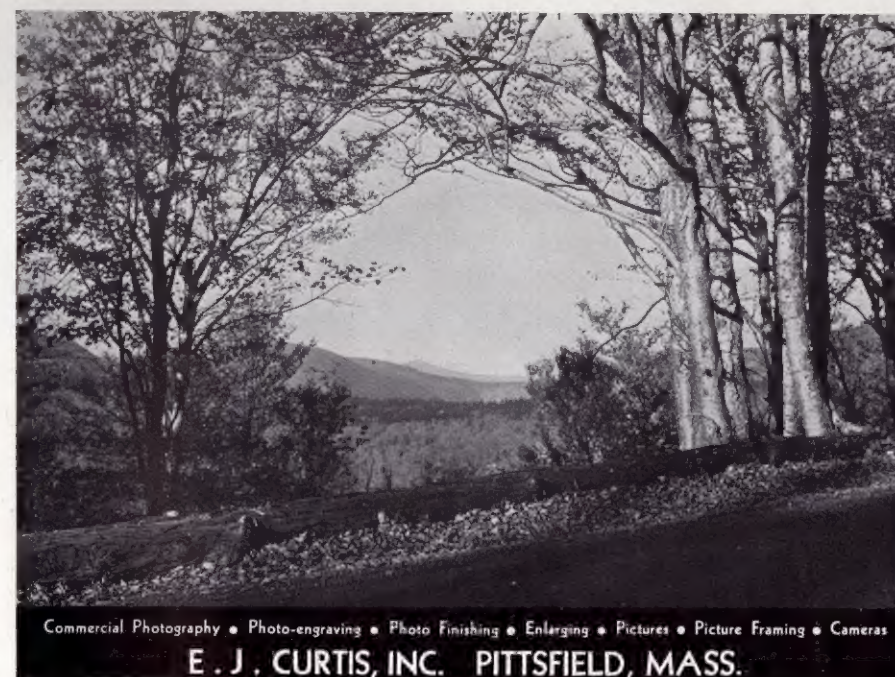
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